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POETRY.

On Receiving a Present from a Lady.

BY PHILIP HENDERSON. A way-worn pilgrim dying lay Far from the haunts of men, Where he had fallen on his way, O'ercome with woe and sin.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Marks of a Good Sunday School Scholar.

- 1. Promptness. He, or she, is at school and in his seat on time. He does not hang round the door, or lag behind, or creep in after the exercises have begun. Punctuality is his motto, and he sticks to it.

Blind Henry.

One summer morning in spring I took a walk in the country. I had not gone far before I met a boy and a girl. The girl made a courtesy to me, and touching the boy, told him to make a bow to me, which he did, and, looking up, said "Good morning."

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We respectfully invite any minister of the gospel to communicate to us promptly any items suited for this department of the EDUCATOR. Every minister should subscribe. Address

WADDELL & SMITH, FAYETTEVILLE N. C.

I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO.—If any young man will take heed to the Bible, as a guide in life, he will be saved from many fatal errors, and from wretchedness and remorse. We wish that all our young readers had the resolute will of John in the following incident:

"I've got orders—positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth, who was tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon!

"Come, don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? come, show em to us if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper: "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper and showing it to the boys. They looked and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked man.—Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and by His help, I don't mean to break them."

ACTIVITY LEADS TO HAPPINESS.

—We should all live more healthful, more useful and longer lives, says the Philadelphia Ledger, did we so employ our activities to extract from them that enjoyment which is their natural and legitimate result. Let every one be sure that, if his work is toilsome, arduous and depressing, there is something wrong; some of his faculties are restrained, while others are overburdened; some of his powers are exhausted, while others are dormant. It is not rest so much as change that he needs—not to lay down his work and fold his hands in idleness, but rather to embrace other fields of action, hitherto untrodden. It will doubtless be difficult to apply this to all the details of practical life, but shall have gained one important step towards it if we appreciate and firmly hold to the truth, that real happiness can only be attained by activity of mind and body, and the more fully and harmoniously all our powers are exercised, the fuller will be our life, and the more real enjoyment will it yield.

Bunyan represents Mercy as laughing in her sleeve. Truly, as we think this, one feels inclined to laugh for very joy of heart. Come! If the head aches to-night, let the reflection that it will soon be crowned a consolation to you. Come! If you have had much to worry you through the day, let the sweet thought that you will soon be where not a wave of trouble shall ever cross your peaceful breast, be a rich consolation to you. There is a throne in heaven that no one can occupy but you, and there is a crown in heaven that no other head can wear but yours, and there is a part in the eternal song that no other voice can compass but yours, and there is a glory to God that would be wanting if you did not come to render it, and there is a part of infinite majesty and glory that would never be reflected unless you should be there to reflect it! Wherefore, comfort one another with this, that ere long you shall be there!—[Spurgeon.]

The last wish of a Slave.

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

Uncle Billy was always a character in the family. How well I remember his short, active figure, and the mingled affection and awe with which we children regarded him. He was given to my mother when she was married, and drove the carriage in which the bridal party performed the five days' journey which the hundred miles ride over the muddy roads of that time required. What wonderful changes have come since that day. The children of that fair bride rush over the road with the iron horse, while the descendants of that humble faithful slave are freemen and citizens. What is in store for the next generation? Perhaps they shall govern the currents of the air and ride upon the wings of the wind. Perhaps the Africans of that day, forgetting that his race has been enslaved, shall carry republican principles to his native land and behold her rise to a place of power among the nations!

Coming from "Old Virginny," as Uncle Billy always proudly stated he and the rest of my mother's servants looked down upon the inhabitants of their new home in Western Virginia, because, I suppose, there were but few slaves in that part of the country, and though the place was a thriving village in the midst of a fertile valley, perhaps the air of prodigal hospitality and lavish expense to which they had been accustomed was lacking in their new surroundings.

Like all negroes, Uncle Billy despised what they termed "poor white trash," namely, such persons as were unable to own or hire servants and were forced to work with their hands. In my childhood we lived in a brick house on the banks of a little stream which flowed in and threw the streets of the town. Just behind our house the banks were very steep, and a bridge spanned the brook some twenty feet above the channel. One of the earliest and best remembered scenes in my life was of a crowd of people on the bridge, where Uncle Billy had gotten into a fierce quarrel with a white mechanic who lived near us. Just as my father was summoned to the spot by the cries of the other servants, the white man swore he would "beat that nigger for his impudence," and Uncle Billy threw himself like a tiger upon him and instantly sprang with him in his arms over the parapet on the rocks below. A scream rose from every woman present, and every one rushed to the brink of the stream, fearing that one or both of the combatants had been killed; but both had escaped unhurt and, like the man and the bear in the old story, each seemed content with his efforts and went slowly moving off in opposite directions. A loud murmur arose in the crowd to "hang the nigger," and my father, who secretly admired Uncle Billy's pluck, hastily improvised a message to the farm, and sternly bidding him mount his riding horse, which stood at the door, sent him out of town and managed to dispense with his services until the affair had blown over.

Combining the various duties of wood-cutter, gardener and carriage driver, Uncle Billy was withal a famous cook, though he disliked very much to exercise that talent, and his natural testiness always increased to positive ill-humor when the sickness of the cook, or any unusual occasion, required his services in that department, and my mother often said laughingly that she did not know whether to be glad or sorry when she sat down to one of Uncle Billy's finely prepared dinners, as the present enjoyment was spoiled by his prospective grumbling for many days after. I well remember the wrath

upon his countenance when the unexpected arrival of some friends and the illness of the cook's infant, called Uncle Billy's services into requisition and I was dispatched to the wood pile to deliver my mother's orders for dinner, which I fancy she did not care to give herself; and I can distinctly recall the indignant manner in which the old man shook his head, as he laid aside his axe and prepared to go to the barn for fowls. Nothing more was heard from the kitchen, until a most savory and comfortable meal was placed upon the table, and I noticed the smile with which my mother received the numerous compliments of her friends, as they discussed the dainty viands spread so lavishly before them, and congratulated their hostess on having such a cook. But late that night we were all surprised by Uncle Billy's appearing, with an unusual gentle and submissive air, at the nursery door, and my mother, who was deeply attached to the old man, hastily bade him come in and tell his troubles. "I didn't think I'd say nothing 'bout it," said Uncle Billy in his sturdy tones, "but 'pears like I is bleeged to. You see, Mistus, I was mad when I went to de barn for dem chickens, and de fust thing I done was to clap de big door to on my hand an' cut de eend of my little finger clean off. I was so mad 'bout gittin' dinner I jest picked it up and put it in my pocket, and did not say nothin'; but when I done clean up de kitchen I stuck de eend on an' tied it with a rag, but it do hurt terrible bad." Uncle Billy narrowly escaped lockjy, and my mother nursed him faithfully through the long and weary illness that followed. Those bygone years seem like a dream now, and Uncle Billy in the blue cloth coat, with brass buttons, which he always wore when driving the carriage, or on Sundays, is always one of the prominent figures in the scene which memory brings before me, and over which a cloud of darkness seemed to fall like a pall when the hour came in which our young mother, the central figure of all pictures of pleasure to us, was borne away to her long home, in the prime of youth and womanhood. Uncle Billy, who was separated from all his early friends and his own people, loved her as his own child, and seemed to pine away after she was gone. He seemed to have lost all his spirit, and the other servants, whom he had kept in awe of him, began to whisper to us and to each other that the old man "was not long for this world."

The winter he died was a gloomy one to us all; the shadow of the great sorrow that had befallen us hung over the house, and it was like opening a fresh wound when we were summoned to the death-bed of the old and faithful servant, who was so soon called to follow his loved mistress to the spirit-land. The whole family had collected around the old man, and his eyes wandered from the dusky faces of his fellow-servants and rested lovingly on the children who had grown up around his knees, and seemed dearer than all of earth to him. He was far from the scenes of his youth—none of his kindred or friends were near—and he turned piteously to my father, who stood beside him: "What is it, Billy?" said my father, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes, master," said the old man feebly. "I is got one wish, and it 'pears like I can't die till my heart is at rest 'bout dat." "What is it?" said papa tenderly. "You know there is nothing that I would not do for you." "Master," said the dying man, rousing himself and fixing his gaze firmly on my father's face: "I wants to be free! I have been a slave all my life, and now I want to die free!" My father looked much hurt. "Why, Billy," he said, "have

you been ill-treated; have I ever been harsh; has any one been unkind to you?" "No, dear maser, you; you is been de kindest master in de world; an' I loved my blessed mistress, what's gone to glory; an' I loves ebery one of dese chillun—I ain't got nothin' else to love—but I is been wantin' to be free all my life, and now I can do no more work, an' your poor ole negger is enterin' on eternity, and ain't no use to nobody. Please, master, set me free!" My father hastily ordered writing materials to be brought—for he saw that lie was fast ebbing—and, making out the necessary papers as quickly as he could, handed them to Uncle Billy, who pressed them to his lips and his heart, then fixing his eyes with a loving confident gaze on my father's face, said: "Read it, master." My father read the paper aloud, and handed it back. No sound was heard in the room but the labored breathing of the old man. "Thank you, master," he said at last, gasping out the words—"thank you, master." A few more deep-drawn sighs, a few last struggles, and the paper fluttered no longer on his breast. The last wish was fulfilled—the slave was free.

WHERE HE HAD THE ADVANTAGE.—Just at the close of the war of 1812 an English man-of-war entered Boston. The captain was known as a bully of the first water. Entering a barber's shop in Boston, and finding no one but the boy present he demanded in an insolent and overbearing way, "Where is your master?"

"Not down yet, sir," replied the boy. "Well I want to be shaved." "Yes, sir, I can shave you." "You?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you may try it, but look here, my youngster, laying his loaded pistol on the table, "the first drop of blood you draw on my face I'll shoot you." "All right, sir," was the reply. The boy shaved him, and did it well. After the operation was through, the bully turned to him as he took up the pistol, and remarked: "Wasn't you afried?" "No, sir," retorted the boy. "Didn't you believe I would shoot you?" "Yes, sir." "Then way wasn't you afried?" The boy coolly replied: "because I had the advantage." "Advantage, how?" demanded the irate bully. "Why," said the boy, with the utmost nonchalance, "if I had drawn blood, I should have taken the razor and cut your throat from ear to ear!" The bully turned pale, but never forgot the lesson.

There are little princes in the world whose principalities are about as large as ordinary kitchen gardens, and they account themselves very great indeed. The man of great esteem is like John R. in English history, who had not a foot of ground. The less the man's possession, often the man's greater self-possession. But in heaven there are no pauper princes. There they are rich to all the intents of heaven. They have their crowns, but they have their kingdoms. All things are theirs—the gifts of God—and God is theirs. They are clothed with honor and majesty—not outwardly only but inwardly—and they are all the concomitants that should go with royal dignity.

"Six things," says Hamilton, "the requisite to create a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness are upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except blessings of God."